

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Rich Man's World (1%)"

[Arthur Jensen:]

"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies

The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business
The world is a business
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

[Immortal Technique:]

For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolph Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main bitch Leona

Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement
I twist words like a speech impediment
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with
New money buys brand new karats
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya
I own every gold mine in South Africa
Thanks baby you made me a billion
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick
Yea what
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say

And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay

Make money every day the world burns on its axis

While y'all struggling to pay taxes

I'm getting my money the fastest

Memos and faxes shredded-up documents

Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted

'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it

Don't get my lawyers excited

'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators

So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters

(It's a rich man's world)

Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda

In the bank 911 widows go to later

Capitalism's who I pray to

Fuck the state of the world

Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl

(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed

I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees

Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe

I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs

'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me

You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?

My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out

Hey America thanks for the bailouts

I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano

Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me

'Cause I'm a tax free charity

80% to the staff and company

And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve

Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned

You protest cops who patrols on the street

But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet

Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking

My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection

No invention would benefit the world of man
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave
You think presidents are the face of a nation
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.